

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

Whatever be our earthly lot,
Wherever we may roam,
Still to our hearts the brightest spot
Is round the hearth at home.
The home where we received our birth,
The hearth by which we sat,
No other spot on all the earth
Will ever be like that.

When Winter comes in its wrath
Piled high the drifting snow,
Safe clustered round the cheerful hearth,
We watch the firelight glow;
Nor brighter seemed the ruddy flames,
Than did our hearts, the while
A loving mother breathed our names
With sweet approving smile.

When wearied with our eager chase
Through many a tangled path,
How sweet the dear, accustomed place
To take around the hearth;
And still when by our toil and care
We feel ourselves oppressed,
Our thoughts forever cluster there,
And there alone find rest.

Bright promise of the rest above,
Sweet shelter from the storm,
Home, hallowed by a mother's love,
Hearth, by that dear mother warm;
Though wildly roared the storm without,
What recked we of the cold,
What place for any fear or doubt
Within that loving fold?

And when some little trouble weighed
Upon the childish heart,
Till from our brimming eyes it made
The gushing tear-drops start,
How quick before that genial glow,
We felt each sorrow cease,
And back the crystal current flow,
To flood our hearts with peace.

And brighter with the passing years
Seems childhood's sweet employ,
And even sweeter still appears
Each well remembered joy,
Around the cheerful hearth at home,
Where we in childhood sat;
No other spot, where'er we roam,
Will ever be like that.

DIDN'T KNOW HER SEX.

A few nights since the house of a prominent resident of an Atlantic city was entered by a burglar and some valuable jewelry and other property stolen and carried away; but, before leaving the house, it appears he paid a visit to nearly every apartment in it. Traces of him were found above and below stairs—wherever, indeed, it was probable any valuables could be obtained. It so happened that one of the family belonged to that much abused and very excellent class of society called "old maids." She is a free hearted, generous lady, intelligent and refined, and the only fear that her well-balanced mind has ever known, is the apprehension that in some evil hour Satan will lure her affections into the keeping of that abomination of her mind, a man. Now, whether the burglar knew this peculiarity of the lady's mind or not, he at all events determined to play her a very practical joke. To this end he carefully removed from the chair on which she had neatly folded and laid it, all her wearing apparel, and substituted from another room a complete set of gentleman's clothes. Then taking off a huge pair of false whiskers he carefully adjusted them to the face of the sleeping lady. Of course he could not wait to see the denouement, but that pleasure was reserved for the family the next morning. Awakening at an early hour, the good lady proceeded to the mirror to enjoy a look at her face. The first glance she took petrified her with indescribable horror. Was she indeed a man? The latent superstition of her nature reviving, she imagined that Satan had been playing her a horrible revenge for her animosity to the male creation. She staggered to a chair, and, almost broken-hearted, concluded to dress and send for a barber. But now she noticed for the first time that her clothes, too, were gone, and a gentleman's outfit was substituted in their stead. She was certain now the metamorphosis was complete, and resigning herself to the situation, tried to do the apparel. But having no experience in the adjustment of this new-fangled attire, and habit being stronger than instinct, she found that every time she put the pantaloons over her head she encountered an impediment that defied all her efforts to overcome. In short, the pants wouldn't go over her head. At last, in despair, she rang for assistance, and her maid appearing at the door, she cried out: "Don't come in, Betty, for I'm a man now; but just please step and ask my brother if he usually puts his breeches on over his head, or commences feet foremost." It is needless to say the message astonished the household. It was some time before the lady would admit to her apartment any one of either sex, for fear she might make a mistake; but finally, one more adventurous than the rest, pushed open the door, and soon convinced the sorely troubled maid that she had not forsaken her estate, but was yet one of the angels of the earth.

Perhaps the largest class of invalids who have sought and obtained the happiest results from Dr. Walker's **VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS**, include those whose indescribable complaints, for want of a better name, are known by the general term "Dyspepsia." Even the most delicate find immediate relief by a prudent use of the "Bitters," for their penetrating properties search, cleanse and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid is astonished to find his health and energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and invigorating.

YOUNG MAN YOU ARE WANTED.

A lady writes under this heading bits off the men as follows:
A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one you are not fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together. But mark you, man, the woman don't want you if she has to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whisky jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her and the little "after-thoughts" which are sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter-section of a stovepipe on his head, sweats like a pirate and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; the image of God, not the likeness of a beast.

If you are strong in a good purpose, firm in resistance of evil, pure in thought and action, as you require her to be; and without which inward purity neither of you are fit to be husband and wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud-talking, exciting and brutal, young man, that woman wants you—marry her when you like, whether she is poor or rich; we'll trust you both on the above conditions, without any further security.

A COOL PROCEEDING.—A married couple in this county, who had been living together for something over a year separated recently in a very peculiar manner, and, to say the least of it, under very unusual circumstances. We know nothing about their married life, whether it had been happy or otherwise, but suppose it to have been very agreeable between the parties. The husband came home to dinner one day, as usual, and while eating, his wife said to him, "Stephen, you had better eat a hearty dinner for it is the last that I will ever cook for you." He inquired what she meant, when she informed him that she had just received a letter from a young man—a former beau—whom she loved better than any one else in the world; that she was going to leave her husband and go to him, and that she never loved (Stephen) her husband. After dinner was over she retired herself neatly, and soon after a hack called; her trunk, already packed, was placed on it, the woman got inside, the driver cracked his whip, and away went the wife from home and husband forever. Such are the circumstances of the case as they have been told us.—*Evansville Courier.*

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—"I don't pretend to claim," said a storyteller, "that my mother was a prophetess. But no utterance of prophet ever met with more literal fulfillment than one of her predictions of what would be the result of a certain course of conduct on my part if persisted in. 'You'll scratch a poor man's head all your life,' said she, and though twenty years have rolled away since then, her prediction still proves true. I was trying to lay by something for a rainy day out of a salary of \$100 per month, yet could not get along with less than three cigars a day, which cost 37½ cents, three drams of 'Bitters,' by way of appetizers, which cost 37½ more, had to go to the theatre at least once a week, and the source every Saturday night, yet, notwithstanding my self-denial I am as poor to day as I was when these prophetic words were uttered. Truly a remarkable fulfillment of prophecy."

No man has got so high as to be independent of the success of agriculture; no man is so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline. The cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man. Man may be civilized in some degree, without the progress in manufactures, and with little commerce with his distant neighbors; but without cultivation of the earth, he is in all countries a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaming barbarian. When tillage begins other arts follow. The farmer, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.—*Daniel Webster.*

A couple of Yankee girls put a bull frog into the hired man's bed to see if they could get him to talk. Daniel threw the frog out of the window and never said a word. Soon after he put a bushel of chestnut burs into the girls' bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least shadow, Daniel went to their door and rattled the latch furiously. Out went the light and in went the girls, but they didn't stick, though the burs did. Calling them, he begged them to lie quiet, he only wanted to know if they had seen anything of that pesky bull frog, he'd give two dollars to find him.

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: "The first step was cheating a printer out of two years subscription. When I had done that, the devil had such a grip on me that I could never possibly shake him off."

Humorous Sayings and Doings.

An editor who has a weakness for sweet lips and sweet cider says he will never cease to advocate the "freedom of the press."

A solicitous parent in this locality recently sent his daughter to a noted oculist to see if she could not be cured of winking to certain acquaintances she is wont to meet on the streets.

A story is told of a soldier in the army whose only fault was that of drunkenness. His colonel remonstrated with him: "Tom, you are a bold bad fellow and a good soldier, but you get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of human character combined for sixteen dollars a month?"

A girl, keeper of a toll gate in England, was asked by a swell velocipedian, who thought to chafe her, how much he had to pay. "That, sir," replied she, "depends whether you get off your dandy-horse and drag it through; because in that case every two wheeled vehicle drawn by a horse or an ass pays three cents."

In crossing the street, each lady you meet, [if she follow the prevalent fashion,] lifts gently her dress, say a foot more or less, and keeps it upraised till you pass on. In passing her by, you look down "on the sly," and get a glimpse of the leather, which, comely and neat, encases her feet, and protects the dear things from the weather. You inwardly pray, as you go on your way, [and sure there's no harm in the prayer] that as long as you live, the best clouds may give a good rain every day in the year.

"What is your consolation in this life?" asked a clergyman of a young girl, in a bible class that he was catechizing. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenious maiden; "but I've no objections to telling you where he lives."

An Alabama young lady, caught smoking a cigar, gave it as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

One night while I was sleeping, I had a dream of joy; I thought I had a charming wife and darling little boy. I loved, I hugged, I kissed them—I ate them almost whole. My little boy got angry, my wife began to scold. But soon a scream terrific awoke me from my sleep; my face was scratched in pieces—plague take that little brat! My wife was a pillow, my baby was a cat!

A young gentleman, visiting his intended, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to insult him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

An editor of a paper informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they stated he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument: When one stocking is pulled off there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last.

The latest undergraduate joke of Yale College was the transfer, at midnight, of a florist's sign—"New Haven Nursery"—to a conspicuous position on a flourishing young ladies' seminary.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my daughter, never marry a poor man. But remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

An exchange has the following: "It is said that there are more editors unmarried than any other class of professional men." For the reason, we suppose, that the majority of them are men of fine sentiment, and do not wish to starve anybody's sister.

A paper of Oakland, Ohio, says, at a hotel recently a smell of gas was discovered issuing from the room of a bridal party from the country. Admission being demanded to put out the gas, the rural swain replied that "he blew it out, and then the darned thing smelt so bad that he put his stocking over it." Sure enough, there was the stocking drawn over the burner and tied down with a shoe string.

How may this paper be placed so that two persons may stand on it at the same time without seeing or touching each other? Place it on the threshold and shut the door.

A Paris letter says a fast actress visited the Clarendon mad house, a few days ago. She asked one of the patients, "What brought you here?" He replied, "An infernal woman like you!" She exclaimed, "Why, really, that man is not so mad as people pretend he is!"

Some girls, in kissing, purse up their mouths as if they were about to perform on the flageolet. This is wrong. Kissing is a luxury which should be indulged in with "an appetite," and not nibbled at as if it were "pizen."

Quill intimates that he believes in the woman's movement—on washing day.

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THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF
Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Boots,
Shoes,
Groceries,
and Crockery,
That has ever been offered in Polk Co., is just received at
CRONE & WOLF'S
New two story building at INDEPENDENCE, which we will sell CHEAPER than the CHEAP EST.
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We also have in connection with our store, A LARGE WAREHOUSE, where we offer storage on good terms.
We also keep
MOLINE and BOSTON CLIPPER PLOWS.
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AT THE OLD HEADQUARTERS OF
W. C. BROWN & CO.,
Brick Store, Main street, opposite the Court House, Dallas, Ogn.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE Largest and most complete stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Ever brought into Polk county, including Spring and Summer goods of the Latest Styles, which we are determined to sell as Cheap, or Cheaper than those of less inducement.
We have a very fine assortment of
LADIES' TRIMMED HATS!
To which we invite the attention of the Ladies, also, to our full stock of DRESS GOODS, consisting of Silks, Irish and French Poplins, French Merinos, all wool Emperess and half and all wool Delaines; and especially to our complete assortment of Brass Buttons, Fringes, Gimps and Velvets of all colors, our Gingham, Lawns, Cambrics, Swisses, etc., etc., in great variety.
We call the attention of GENTS and HEADS OF FAMILIES to our fine assortment of
CLOTHING and HARDWARE, GROCERIES and CROCKERY.
All of which we will exchange for Wool, Wheat, Bacon, Butter, Eggs, Flaxseed or washed Cotton Rags.
Call and see us. You will always find us happy to see you, happier when we show you our goods, and happiest when we sell to you.
W. C. BROWN & CO.
Dallas, Polk county, April 30, 1869.

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DEALERS IN
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WELCH'S PREMIUM SALMON—BEST
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For sale at
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We are prepared to execute orders for all classes of Machinery and Boiler Work, such as
MINING and STEAMBOAT MACHINERY
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Manufacture and Repair Machinery of all kinds.
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Either applied to old or new steam cylinders.
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Of the best hard iron.

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Bear testimony to the Wonderful Curative Effects of
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VINEGAR BITTERS
The Life of all Flesh is the Blood thereof. Purify the Blood and the health of the whole system will follow. It is a gentle purgative as well as a tonic. These Bitters are as effective as a medical preparation, composed of the best vegetable ingredients known.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
FOR INFLAMMATORY and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM and GOUT, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, BILIOUS, REMITTENT and INTERMITTENT FEVERS, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLADDER, these BITTERS have been most successful. SUCH DISEASES are caused by VITIATED BLOOD, which is generally produced by derangement of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood healthy, and all will be well.
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HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity or epileptic fits ensue.

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SHATTERED CONSTITUTION RESTORED by Helmhold's Extract Buchu.

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And all the diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, Whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE, From whatever cause originating, and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.
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